

This is the anniversary of the birth in 1777, of Henry Clay, statesman and orator, whose attractive personality made him one of the most popular men of his time. Lincoln called him the beau ideal of a statesman. He died in 1852.

BIRTHRIGHT Serial of Society, Millions, and Adventures of Two Girls Patricia and Dan, Cut Off from the World by the Blizzard, Find Delight in Their Own Companionship and Try to Make the Best of the Situation

By Kathleen Norris.

Author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters," and Other Famous Stories.

HE knew how swiftly all doors would open to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Smith Palmer, how soon aunts and cousins would forget everything but the millions, and turn the machinery of their social climbing upon some other unfortunate aspirant. And fifteen years from now, perhaps, Christine's daughter and little Patricia Palmer would be loudly discussing the absurdity of the Smith girls' or the Brown girls' social audacities.

The half-formed thought of this visionary daughter sent a thrill through her being, and made her heart stop. Dan's wife, the mother of this strong, eager, passionate man's children. For, of course, that was her life. It mattered not where she spent it or what pain and change it brought her.

The only thing that mattered now was that she should hear, all day, every day, that boyish and yet curiously authoritative voice, and be free to advise, praise, blame and share everything that he did.

The mere bracing association with Dan had already had its effect upon Patricia. Dan, in his most violent interest in life, had somewhat vitalized her own. He had taken her, just in this last month, to places of whose existence she had never dreamed before; once to a wrestling match, once to a mass meeting of street car strikers, once to a city hospital where a girl her own age lay dying by her own hand.

From a waitress in the little restaurant into which they had gone smiling for a meal he had wrested the story of her life from the men on crumpled upers at the theater, dull-eyed boys who slouched forth to pump gasoline into the car, Patricia began confidently to expect entertainment when she was with Dan.

Tonight, sitting opposite him beside the fire, as the talk had for a while dropped to silence, Dan, indulged in a little dream, in his head he was seeing another cabin somewhere in the woods, years from now, and a tiny girl with bright hair blown up against her father's big shoulder, and her crib nearby, in which a dark-eyed boy was asleep.

For years Patricia had thought of motherhood only with a delicate distaste; it had seemed to have no part in the intellectual beauty of her relationship with Sidney. But now, suddenly, the deeps of her being cried out for that holiest and highest joy and she, a daughter—not one, not two, but a whole nurseryful of little bobbing heads and little imperative voices, children into whose lives she and Dan might pour some of the overflowing richness of their own.

If he had shared her dream, he gave her no sign. For he had sprung to his feet abruptly, and had said:

"Well, I'll go into the kitchen, and when you're comfortable, call me! Don't hurry, for I've got to bring up enough wood for the whole night."

IN A CHINESE ROBE. Patricia, wrapped in a Chinese robe, had opened the kitchen door fifteen minutes later, and had been driven by cold currents of air back to her pillows and robes. From this retreat she had watched him gravely as he brought in the wood. And when the door was shut, and he had busied himself with his own cushions and blankets, she had still seen him watching him from under deceptively lowered lashes. But after a while he sat down to watch the blaze, and then the girl had actually fallen into a peaceful sleep, not to waken for many hours.

She dressed in the icy kitchen, shuddering at the touch of snow water on her face, her shoulders hunched and her fingers clasped with the cramp of the bitter cold. Shuddering, she went back to the hearth, where the fire had sunk to pink-gray ashes, and was feebly trying to re-kindle it when Dan suddenly sat up. His big arm, in its black Japanese wrapper, was helping her before he was fairly awake.

"What are you trying to do? Why didn't you wake me?" he protested. "You're dressed. What time is it, anyway?"

"Your watch says nine," Patricia said, with chattering teeth, as the glorious blaze roared up the deep chimney, and she crouched to hold her fingers to the warmth.

"It's pretty dark, for nine o'clock," Dan muttered, glancing toward the windows.

"It's dark, Dan, because we are literally buried in snow!" the girl answered.

With a startled look he went to the door, which was packed open with some difficulty. Patricia went to stand beside him, and in silence they looked out upon a world of

snow. Fine snow was still whirling in the air, although the wind was falling, and there was an unearthly stillness without. The porch, usually three feet above the ground, was level with the surface of the snow, and a great drift, at one side, rose up higher than the cabin. In every direction lay the unbroken surface of flawless white, from which the muffled forms of the trees rose to lose themselves in the soft veiling of the air.

The road had vanished, and only a great furry mound showed where the car was buried. Every possible ridge and crevice was packed and blanketed with exquisite white, and about it and above them were only trackless deeps upon deeps of snow.

Voiceless before the awful beauty of it, the man and woman stood for two or three long minutes, looking at the scene. Not a branch cracked, not a sound broke the stillness; nothing moved except the softly turning and twisting curtain of white, or an overladen spray that gently lowered its burden into the feathery depths below it.

"The gorgeous, beautiful, heavenly waste of it!" Patricia whispered after a while. "And we go to Paris!" And he, in his most violent interest in life, had somewhat vitalized her own. He had taken her, just in this last month, to places of whose existence she had never dreamed before; once to a wrestling match, once to a mass meeting of street car strikers, once to a city hospital where a girl her own age lay dying by her own hand.

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them. It's a toss-up whether they find it out. How in the name of everything sane did the Throckmorton think they were going to get up here, anyway?"

"It was Roberta's idea," Patricia explained, "a regular primitive country party. There is an old fellow named Throckmorton, who is station agent in summer and has a team, and I imagine that they wrote him that the boxes would arrive. Oh, Dan!" Patricia broke off, a child's joyous laugh, "Happy New Year!"

"By George, so it is!" he answered, as she gaily stretched both hands to him across the table. "Well," he added, "it starts in heaven, wherever it ends!"

"Will you fry me one more egg?" was the girl's prosaic response. And look at the toast. Do people in mountain cabins always eat so much, do you suppose?"

"After breakfast," Dan decreed, "we'll wrap up warm and see what we can do. I grieved your coming, but I must read in some kid's book long ago that shoes had to be greased!"

"I saw that you did. They're just as soft as ever," a thousand thanks!" Patricia buttered fresh toast rapidly and put a piece on his plate. "I'll tell you what, Dan," she added, "we'll make a fire in the kitchen and roast that turkey. If we are rescued, we'll have to come back here, anyway, to put out the fire, and we can have it for lunch, and if we're not, well, it's a New Year dinner." Her voice stopped; she was confused by his look.

"Do you like this?" he asked intensely, from the hearth. They looked into each other's eyes.

HER HAPPY ANSWER. "I think—I think I have never liked anything so much," she answered. "It's like a fairy tale!"

"Up here alone with you, roasting our own turkey for our New Year's dinner," he said, half aloud. "By gosh, if I see a rescue party coming up that trail I'll stand on the porch and shout it!"

Laughing in the first enveloping breath of the pure, sweet, freezing air, they presently sat out. Patricia had pinned up her skirt, tied her small hat firmly with billows of velvet.

And still the first few steps into the sinking, whirling, bewildering whiteness exhausted her suddenly and surprisingly. Snow crept melting and wet into the collar of her coat, snow tickled her eyelids, she felt the wet snow penetrate her stockings above her high boots. The heavy air atmosphere had penetrated her lungs like a pain.

Floundering, laughing and gasping, she struggled along in Dan's footprints, presently catching him with a high cry and falling helplessly against him while she recovered her breath.

"It's like breathing—chopped ice!" she gasped, her rosy, exquisite face close to his.

(Copyright, International Magazine Co.) (To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Latest Silhouettes Both Flaring and Slender Will Be in Style, Says Good Housekeeping, the Great Home Magazine



Alice Bernard stands responsible for this smart coat dress of yellow serge banded with wide braid of beige and gold plaid, the fastening of which is adroitly placed to the side.

To vary the insistent straightness of the average day frock, this dress of black serge flounces its skirt with plaid attached to the corsage at a low waist-line, thus lending a tunic effect.

The Hundred Dollar Question

SYNOPSIS:

Edith Livingston, a demobilized war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Ellsworth, a young married couple, finds employment as secretary to Esteban Alvarez, a Mexican oil stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention, gives her a \$500 gold note, after she discovers him and a Japanese studying a map. She discovers her sweetheart, Willard Saunders, dining with a Spanish girl. She is jealous of the Spanish girl and her sweetheart, which amazes her.

Willard awakens to Edith that he is not in love with the Spanish girl. He tells Edith her employer will be watching and asks her to spy on Alvarez. She reluctantly consents. While rummaging through her employer's desk she finds a picture of the same Spanish girl with whom she is further surprised by a request from her sweetheart for an introduction to her employer. By means of a piece of carbon paper which she secreted in the typewriter roller, Edith gets a copy of a critical telegram her employer sent to some one in Mexico.

Alvarez tells Edith to go to a Maryland roadhouse and vainly tries to inveigle her into taking a drink with him. Willard finally tells her that Alvarez is an international crook. A short time later "Texas Tiger," a wild and woolly gentleman from the Southwest, brooms in with a gun in search of Alvarez. He tells Edith that Alvarez swindled him out of \$20,000 on a fake oil stock deal. Edith introduces "Texas Tiger" to Willard and the visitor joins the excursion to Mt. Vernon, the home and tomb of George Washington.

Returning to Washington "Texas Tiger" recognizes Alvarez and the Spanish girl, Juanita, his sweetheart, on the wharf and is only prevented from lashing them by the interference of Willard. Alvarez, greatly withdrawn, is still madly in love with Juanita, notwithstanding the fact that Alvarez used her as a tool to swindle him out of \$20,000.

Edith attempts to introduce Willard to Alvarez, she learns that they are "old friends." Alvarez invites Edith and Willard to motor to Great Falls with him and they accept.

I told Mr. Alvarez to drive me home. And Willard got out there, too. Without his asking me not to, I would have known better than to tell Grace and Bob about what had happened.

"But why would he want to kill us, Willard?" I asked after Willard had put into words what I had known was in his mind.

"Don't you know," Willard asked, "that a criminal always wants to destroy the evidence and silence the witnesses. He thinks, Edith, we know too much."

NET IS CLOSING. I positively had to make myself go to work this morning. But Willard had told me it was absolutely necessary that I act as though I did not suspect Alvarez of any ulterior motive.

You must admit, however, that it takes a lot of nerve to work in the office with a man whom you are convinced has designs on your life, who, in fact, has even tried to put his desires into effect.

"I don't see how I'm going to do it, Willard," I had said when we

Prize Cake Recipes

MAPLE NUT CAKE. 1-3 cup shortening. 1 cup light brown sugar. 2 eggs. 1½ cups milk. 1½ cups flour. ¼ teaspoon salt. 1 cup chopped nuts—pecans or walnuts. 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream shortening, add sugar slowly and yolk of eggs and milk and beat well; sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add chopped nuts; fold in beaten whites of eggs; add flavoring. Bake in well greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes.

Two cups of brown sugar and ¼ cup water, boil together until it forms a soft ball in water, remove from fire, add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla, stir until thick enough to spread; if too thick, add a little milk.—Mrs. Walter C. Scheller, 626 Carroll avenue, Takoma Park.

CUP CAKE. 3 eggs. 3 cups of flour. 2 cups of sugar. 1 cup of butter. 1 cup of milk. 1 teaspoon of baking powder. 2 teaspoons of vanilla. 1 hour and 25 minutes.—Mrs. Emma Hardy, 420 Garfield street southeast.

COCONUT LAYER CAKE. ½ cup crisco. 2 of sugar, mix cream together, add egg, then milk. 3 eggs beat well. 1½ cups milk. 1½ teaspoon vanilla, salt to taste. 2 large cups flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder. 2 whites of eggs mixed with sugar, beat till stiff, then spread on cake, then coconut on top.—Mrs. J. J. Shoemaker, 1104 Eighth street northeast.

Is Marriage a Success?

QUOTES OLD SAYING.

Nineteen and Disgusted:

It was with some surprise that I read your letter. Surprised not of the facts as stated, but rather as assumed. I do hope you don't pass final judgment of "man" from your single experience.

You should have known that a man who will dare to approach a lady in such manner as you relate, without introduction of any kind, is not, in many cases, the type of man to judge the rest by. I can readily see that this was your first experience of the sort or else you would have acted differently. You are wiser now. I have met all kinds of men, peoples of all types and races, and can safely say that you cannot judge from individual experiences. I will slightly change an old saying, with which you are doubtless familiar: "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to pass final judgment on the rest of us."

SYMPATHY.

WHO COULD LOVE THEM?

In reply to F. L.:

Excuse me from the cave man or one who has sown his wild oats. I have been married twice, and sure am in a position to know the difference between husbands.

It's all right for a man to have a legitimate good time and once in his life to make a grave mistake. But those so-called wild oats mean a dual, double life, the wrecking of young girls' lives, then dirty, filthy lives to cover their own dirt. It does very well if a woman is ignorant of facts, but this type of a person, whether man or woman, solves the problem, "Why marriage is not a success."

Nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand they never change, and even if they should get tired or the life interferes with their career, what self-respecting woman could, knowing the truth, love them?

Give me the gentle, refined, real man, for the world is full of them, only, unlike the other kind, their whole life is not a lie and bluff.

HAPPINESS.

When a Girl Marries

A Story of

EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

"YOU ask if 'twas Dick West who told me he'd been hubby's running mate once upon a time?" inquired the man who claimed to be my father. "Sure, West told me that. Who else would expect me to be making books on that dope?"

I waved his answer away with a laugh to which I held sternly in order to keep him betraying my nervous tension—and hope.

"Of course, Mr. West told you he was my husband's partner—once. Did he add that he started a rival company after he'd been compelled to make a graceful exit from the firm? Did he tell you that?" I demanded, checking my desire to add, "Did he tell you he drilled wells in bone-dry soil in the hope of discrediting Jim?"

"I can't remember his saying anything about parting bad friends," replied the little head-eyed man, picking his words slowly, as if he were looking backward and trying to call up a complete record of his conversations with Dick West. "He and your husband parted good enough friends, didn't they?"

"Did they?" I insisted. "Are you asking me, daughter? What do you think a poor old sick man like me would have been able to get out of a likely young chap such as this West? Is there something you want to know? Something you want Dad Lee to find out for you?"

His tone was so friendly and good-natured that I thought it wise to take my cue from it.

"No, but I want Dad Lee to tell me something he does know," I wheedled in turn. "How does Dick West feel toward his friends back home? Why has he gone so far away from them?"

WHY DID YOU COME? "Say, little filly, if we was partners, I couldn't know more about West than you seem to think I got out of him in one evening. Kinda sweet on him, ain't you, to want all the dope about him?"

"Are you accusing your daughter of being interested in her husband's ex-partners?" I asked. "Can't take a joke, can you dear?" rallied the man, his wrinkled little face twisting into a gray grin.

"What I'm interested in," I argued, "doesn't concern my husband or as much as it does some one else we won't name just yet. Funny how Dick West seems to be entering on a new partnership with

HEARTLESS.

I felt nonplussed, for the words seemed to reach no tip and topple over my head, in which I'd been building. After a moment I recovered myself and asked curtly: "But why did you try to pretend that you only returned to do me a pleasant call? You gambled knowledge at my disposal?"

"You don't get it? You don't get it at all, do you?" whispered my opponent.

"There's something difficult to get? You meet West and then—"

I began accusingly. A clawlike hand was laid on my arm and a voice that shook a bit interrupted:

"Don't say anything you'll regret, daughter. Don't be ugly and hard on an old man. I'll give you all the dope and then if you're still so ashamed of your poor old father that you want to think up excuses to kick him out, I'll save you the trouble and the shame of it. I'll catch my entry in the race and let you romp home a winner."

"You mean if when I've heard your story I still feel so unrelated you'll go away and not bother me any more?" I demanded. "You'll let me get back to the happy times when I thought that the only father I had on this earth was dear Father Andrew?"

The little man drew out a gaudy handkerchief and mopped his face. "Kinda heartless, ain't you, daughter? Seems to me you're awful hard on an old man who ain't got kin on earth but you. But in case you seem so dead against lies clear outside the circuit where we ride after I've told you just how I met up with him, I'll scratch the entry. I'll quit. That's a go. You kin judge this race and say if you think West had anything to do with the bookmaking."

(To Be Continued Thursday.)

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The President pleads for a return to "normalcy." Nature also pleads for a return to normal living—for a return to simple, nourishing foods. All the food elements you need are supplied in

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It is 100 per cent whole wheat in a digestible form—thoroughly cooked and ready-to-eat.

Two biscuits with milk or cream make a nourishing meal and cost but a few cents. Delicious with berries or other fruits.

TRISCUIT is the shredded wheat cracker, a crisp whole-wheat toast, eaten with butter or soft cheese.



(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

What Franklin Saw

An Editorial

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN wore glasses to correct nearsightedness. As age advanced he required reading glasses also. He saw the possibility of combining lenses for near and far seeing in the same frames, thus discovering the principle of double-focus spectacles.

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